To the KING: A Congratulatory POEM.

Virg. Æn. l. 6.

——— *Tu maximus ille es,*
Unus qui nobis cunctando Restituis Rem.

Printed at *London*, and Re-printed at *Edinburgh*, by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*, Printer to His most Sacred *Majesty*, 1685.

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TO THE KING:

A Congratulatory POEM.

DREAD Sir, since it has pleas'd the Powrs above,
To take the other Object of our Love;
Forgive me, if the mighty Happiness,
We now enjoy, but know not to express,
Transports a Muse from mourning *CHARLES* his Fate,
Your Reign in Numbers to Congratulate.
With Tears of Gratitude, that DUTY paid,
Accept what our Just GRIEF till now delay'd.

Great King, the Greatest *Britain* ever knew,
Since *Cæsar* not to conquer came, but view;
In whom at once indisputably shine.
All Vertues, that can make a Man Divine.
From one unworthy a more near Access,
Receive this Humble, Innocent Address.
Not such as every little, trembling Slave,
To the Usurper in your Absence gave;
False Fires, like Meteors, kindled to deceive,
Behind them stink, and Darkness, only Leave.
But from an Heart that flows with Loyal Blood,
Deriv'd from Ancestors, not Great, but Good;
By Inclination, more than Duty bound,
Almighty Love, which ever has been found
A stronger Tye, the Subjects Faith to awe,
Than all the well-wrought Fetters of the Law.

Great

Great Sir, the Glories of your Future Reign,
Riſe to my ſight like ſome Vaſt, Boundleſs Plain,
In which the diffrent Objects we deſcry;
At once attract, amaze, and pleaſe the Eye.
At the entrance where we take our View, with Fear
We find a mighty Precipice appear;
Dreadfully ſteep, Horrid to look upon,
Like the rough Dangers that did wait your Throne.
But unconcern'd on the calm Top you ſate,
Plac'd by the Gods, above the Reach of Fate.
As you deſerv'd, were always Heaven's Care,
Nor in the midſt of Ruine did deſpair.
You gave all Proofs of being truly Wiſe,
Fac'd ev'ry Danger, Fortune did deſpiſe;
Bore all her Changes with an equal Mind,
And made her impotent, as well as Blind.
Hard by a Noble, uſeful River flows,
Enriching all the Country as it goes,
And in its Tardy, but Majeſtick Courſe,
Shews us your Naval Victories, and Force.
Sherneſs, and *Tilbury*, the Banks ſecure,
From the Falſe *Dutch* no more Affronts endure;
Againſt invading Foes a ſure Defence,
And fit to curb Domeſtique Inſolence.
Not far from thence to maſſie Chains faſt ty'd,
Your ſtrong built Ships, in proper Stations ride;
All fram'd of *Engliſh* Oke, for ſervice made,
The Nations Bulwarks, Guardians of our Trade.
The Ancient Admirals in Battle torn,
Have valiant *Monck*, and Fiercer *Rupert* born,
Both Sons of *Mars*, but both behind in Fame
To you, Great Sir, your *Britain*'s firſt, Beſt Name:
Whoſe well-weigh'd Courage, and experienc'd Zeal,

To their own Coſt the neighb'ring States can tell,
Juſt to your Friends, too gentle to your Foes,
Your long unbroken Courſe of Victory ſhows,
What Miſeries ſaucy Common-wealths attend,
When God-like Patient Monarchs they offend.

But to reſume our well forſaken Theme,
And tell what more adorns the Silver ſtream;
Your ſpacious Yards, and Docks for Building made,
And crowded Stores are next to be ſurvey'd.
Here monſtrous Cables are in Circles roll'd,
Your Floating Caſtles ſtrong enough to hold;
Faſtned to Anchors of Prodigious ſize,
They mock the Anger of the Seas, and Skies.
Your Brawny Cyclops theſe on Anvils frame,
Repeated ſtrokes the ſtubborn Metal tame.
Some heave the mighty Bellows, others wet
The Coals, exciting an Intenſer Heat.
Some with huge Tongs turn the yet unform'd Maſs,
Into vaſt Molds, ſome lead the Ductile Braſs.
All with united Force at once conſpire
To ſhew the ſtrange effects of Skill, and Fire.
Chain-ſhot, and Thund'ring Cannon they prepare,
Where the Bold Artiſt to Perfection brings
Thoſe modern, murd'ring Inſtruments of War,
The laſt, but not worſt Arguments of Kings.

What next the wondring Eye with Pleaſure meets,
Are the Materials of ſucceeding Fleets.
Of uſeful Timber, a ſtupendious Pile,
Planted to Beautifie, and Guard your Iſle.
Thoſe Rebels, who your Father's Reign annoy'd,
Short fruits of Proſp'rous Villany enjoy'd
The Woods that ſhould Defend them, they deſtroy'd.

You

You, Sir, your Country's Father, with just Care,
Know when to use your Stores, and when to spare.
Forrests of Northern Fir, and British Oke,
Obey your Orders, and the Builders stroke.
They but perform the Low, Mechanick Part,
You are the Genius, Sir, the Soul, the Heart,
The labour theirs, yours the Design, and Art.
For since th' Almighty Architect inspir'd
Noah to build the Ship, to which retir'd
The Remnant of the delug'd World,
No Reverend History a Prince can tell,
Who Fleets e're us'd, or understood so well.

In vain your Neighbour on the other side,
With fruitless labour, and deluded Pride,
Into Good Harbours would his Rocks improve,
And from Chok'd Ports returning Sands remove,
'Tis easier far for him to exercise
His little frauds upon the Continent,
To set up Chambers of Dependencies,
Where unjust Sentences his Bounds augment.
Great *JAMES* to whom by Arms, and Title too,
The Empire of the Liquid World is due:
Can when he pleases his own Ocean free
From the Incroachments of the *Dieu Donnée*.
To *Brest* and *Rochfort* can his Fleets confine,
Or intercept the Squadrons e're they joyn,
By threatning War, can check his vast Design,
And call his Armies from the *Po*, and *Rhine*,
Can useless make his present Naval Power,
And, as Bright *Elizabeth* heretofore;
Command the Haughty Prince to Build no more.

You to your *Rome* a true *Augustus* are,
Like him, you close the Iron Doors of War.

The

The Sov'raign Arbiter of *Europe* ſtand,
Poiſing the Scales in your Impartial Hand.
Th' *Italian*, *German*, *Spaniard*, and the *Gaul*,
When you preſcribe, their ancient *Feuds* let fall.
If Northern Kings fall out, your word alone
Sends gladſome Peace to chear the frozen Zone.
Thus Foreign Nations, by your Prudence thrive,
Nor leſs advantage does your own receive.
Where e're they ſpread themſelves i' th' Eaſt, or Weſt,
With your propitious influence they are Bleſt.
Not *Greece*, nor *Rome* ſuch Colonies could boaſt,
So firmly ſettled, and ſo ſeldom Loſt.
Then for their ſafety you ſuch Laws provide,
As none but your own *Britains* know beſide.
No ſordid ends of Avarice you purſue,
But where your proſp'rous Arms your Pow'r extend,
You propagate the Faith which you defend,
Calm the Old World, and Civilize the New.

Pardon me, Sir, that I ſo long forbear
One ſignal Inſtance of your Gen'rous Care:
That as in Fruitful Regions ſome you plant,
You reſcue others from Diſtreſs, and want.
So equal Thanks, to the kind Gods are due,
Who firſt create, and then preſerve us too.
Long time in vain, the Valiant Engliſh lay
Expoſ'd to Faithleſs *Moors*, an eaſie Prey.
Loſt to their Countrey, they in Deſarts ſpent
Their uſeleſs lives, till Loyal *Dartmouth* ſent
By your Advice, the Shatter'd Reliques bore
From *Africk*'s ſcorch'd, inhoſpitable Shore.
An Action in each Circumſtance as Great,
As the *Athenian* Gen'rals fam'd Retreat.
No leſs true Courage, no leſs Conduct ſhown,
In our Illuſtrious Engliſh *Xenophon*.

To

To those abroad who serve you if so kind,
At Home what Hourly Blessings may we find,
From the Just Temper of your God-like Mind?
Not Parents of their Children, Lovers of
The first Dear Object of their youthful Flame,
Half so Indulgent, half so Tender prove,
As you of each Mans Fortune, Life, and Fame.
The Young, and Bold, who are for Action fit,
To the pursuit of Honour you excite;
The few who Merit, seldom miss Reward,
The many wretched are not Hope debar'd.
What Soldier will decline the Camp, or Field?
For whose Emerit Age you *Chelsey* build,
Where you the Wrecks of Humane Life repair,
And pay with Glorious Ease the Toils of War.

But, Sir, we must not here your Vertues bound,
All Arts have you their firm Protector found,
All useful Knowledge to such height refin'd,
We lagging leave the tir'd Old Schools behind;
And Future Times to Ours this Blessing owe,
They need but practise, what from us they know.
Witness the place, within whose Famous Walls,
To conqu'ring truth, old error prostrate falls.
Where, led by you, the Hero's of the age,
With Dint of Reason, Ignorance ingage.
Sagacious *Henshow*, *Hoskins*, Noble *Boyle*,
And *Wren* the *Archimedes* of our Isle.
With *Sylva's* Author, who the British Oke
Has taught to plant, since *Charles* there Refuge took
A sacred Tree.
The Learned here on Trust no Notions take,
But deep researches into Nature make.
Pursue her close in all her winding ways,

On

On sound Experiments their Systems raise.
Reveal her Treasures freely to the wise,
And veil her Secrets from prophaner eyes.
In Gratitude, what Altars should we rear?
What Vows, what Victims to those Altars bear?
Old *Rome* for much less Benefits than these,
Call'd, whilst alive, her *Cæsars* Deities:
And were we not convinc'd, a Pow'r to own,
To those Illustrious Heathens then unknown?
We with more Reason might our *JAMES* adore,
Than they, their most deserving Emperor.
Joy of our hearts, sole pleasure of our eyes,
With whose auspicious Reign, our Spirits rise.
By long experience dear to us before,
Now Dearer for a thousand Reasons more.
Welcome, as Lights to those in Dungeons pent,
As pardon to despairing wretches sent,
As Home to Men [illegible]
But your one Life, we of the Gods implore,
In granting that, they all things else restore.

The many Peopled VVorld one God obeys.
The Scepter of the Air one Eagle sways.
One Gen'rous Lyon ranges through the VVood.
One mighty VVhale is Monarch of the Flood.
Our *JAMES* the Great, Patron of Arms, and Arts,
Commands the Brittish Seas, and Shores, and Hearts.

FINIS.